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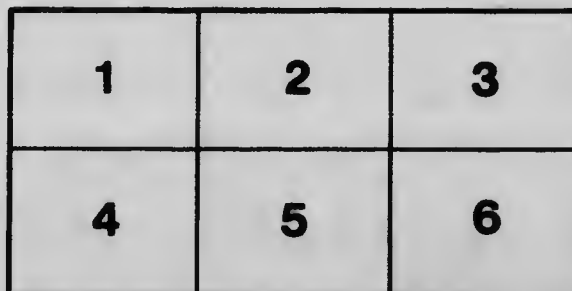
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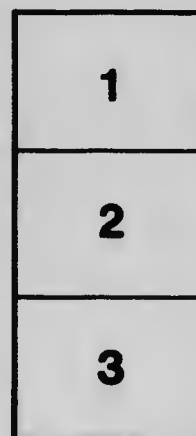
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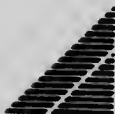
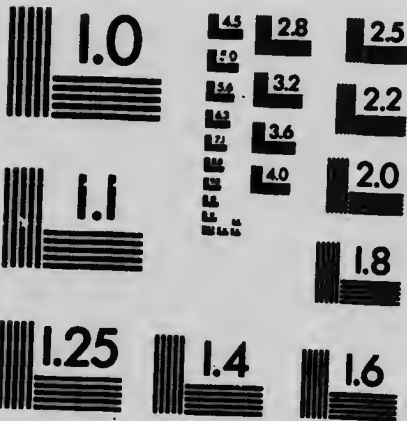
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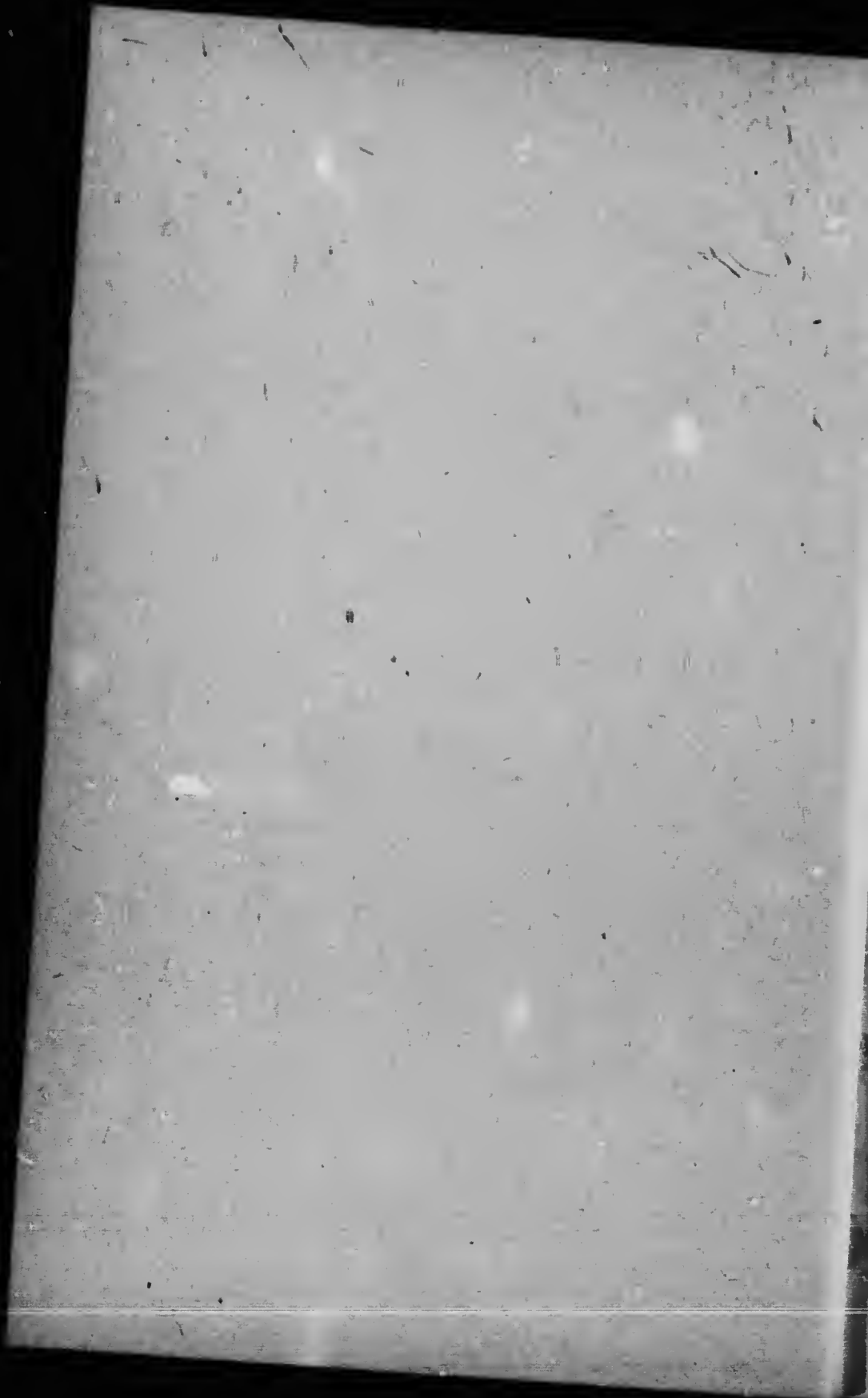
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A LAURENTIAN LAKE.

(See page 89.)

Songs of the Thistle and Maple

John MacFarlane

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE HON. J. H. MUNRO, M.P.,
HARPER, THE HON. J. H. MUNRO, M.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ST. JOHN B. MURPHY

Exalt ye the great
Only one of them
I wish the rest will
The chosen one shall

TORONTO
WILLIAM BROWN
1913



Songs of the Thistle and Maple

BY

John MacFarlane

(JOHN ARBORY)

Author of "Heather and Harebell." Editor of "The
Harp of the Scottish Covenant"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ST. GEORGE BURGoyNE

"Exalt but to the greatness of the throne
Only one of these beggarlings of mine;
I with the rest will dwell in modest bounds;
The chosen one shall glorify the line."

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1913

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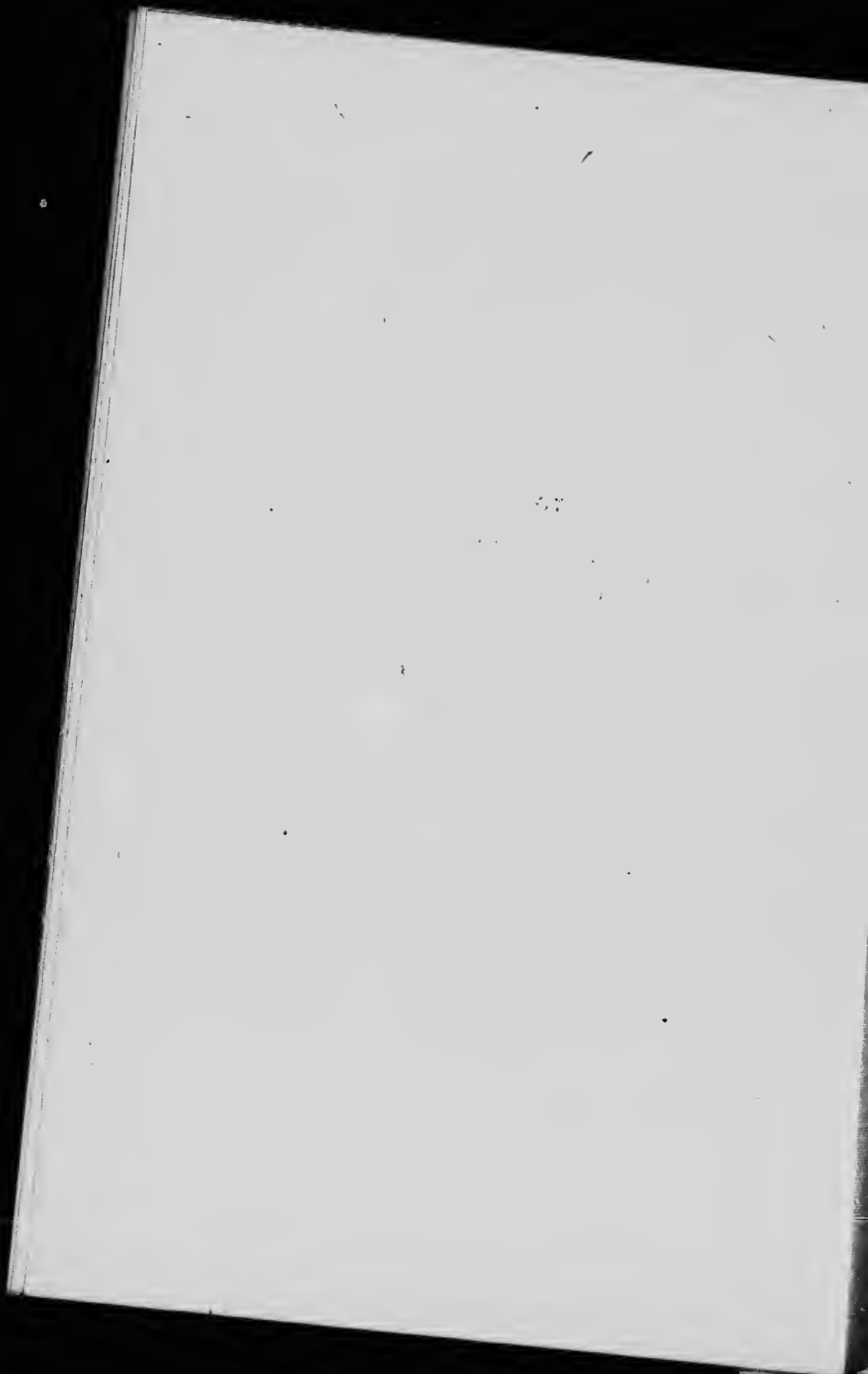
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TO
Hugh Allan,
SCHOOL-MATE IN THE OLD LAND, SCOTLAND,
AND TO
My Wife,
IN CANADA, THE NEW,
THESE WAIFS AND STRAYS OF SONG
ARE
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

SONGS OF THE THISTLE AND MAPLE—the winnowings of many years of verse-making in two lands, Scotland and Canada—have been selected from a considerable body of similar work on account of a certain unity of feeling which, taken as a whole, they more nearly approach.

How difficult of successful accomplishment this is, even approximately, in a chain of expression, the links of which have been wrought over a long stretch of mental and emotional development, can easily be understood.

A few of the verses included in the little book appear because of some intimate personal or old-time associations, a fact for which no apology seems necessary.



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Songs of the Thistle and Maple

THE MITHER.

(Scotland.)

I.

By the wastlan' main she sits an' croons
When the e'enin' shadows fa',
An' her voice is sad, an' her heart is wae,
For the bairns sae far awa';
An' aye as the wild waves sough an' sab,
The Mither, bood an' wee,
Oh! she coors in the faulds o' her plaid, an' maens,
"Bairns!—bairns, come back to me!
For I miss fu' sair the licht o' yer een,
An' yer fitsteps blythe an' free,
An' the caller lauch i' the simmer morn—
Oh, bairns, come back to me!"

II.

An' oot o' the nicht comes an answerin' cry
That weel she kens an' hears,
Frae prairie, an' bush, an' lanesome veldt,
It wanders the weary years:

THE MITHER

"Oh, mither, mither, we comena back,
Tho' the blude to come be fey,
For the weird o' the warld that hauds us here
Till we slumber in kirkyairds grey."
Sae the Mither sits by the wastlan' main,
In the mirk o' eild an' care,
An' her thochts are lang' for the sinder'd bairns
That come to the hame nae mair.

SCOTLAND, MY AIN

SCOTLAND, MY AIN.

I.

SCOTLAND, my ain! far across the wide ocean
How often in fancy my heart flies to thee!
Empearled by the dews of undying emotion,
Oh! bright gleams thy strand o'er the leagues o' the
sea!

The glen where I wander'd in life's early morning,
The wee burnie's prattle, the lark's mounting strain,
And sweet heatherbells a' the wild moor adorning,
Time dims not the imprint, dear Scotland, my ain!

Scotland, my ain! dear Scotland, my ain!
Tho' thy hills and thy bens I may ne'er speel again,
Oh! the Scots blood is throbbing, it thrills ilka vein,
When I dream o' the heather, dear Scotland, my ain!

II.

Scotland, my ain! from the lone camp and clearing
What vows of devotion are wafted to thee!
Deep hid in the pine wood in grandeur uprearing,
Enshrined is thy name in the breasts of the free!

SCOTLAND, MY AIN

Fond children of thine yet, they ne'er shall forget thee,
Tho' sunder'd afar by the sad-sounding main!
And peerless for aye in their love they have set thee,
Oh! leal land and mither, dear Scotland, my ain!

Scotland, my ain! dear Scotland, my ain!
If danger befall, and thy day-star should wane,
To guard thy proud banner from insult or stain
What son then would fail thee, dear Scotland, my ain?

CANTY A WEE

CANTY A WEE.

COME sit ye doon, my cronie,
By the ingle bleezin' bricht,
The wind is in the chimla lug,
An' roarin' lood the nicht;
We'll ca' the crack for days langsyne,
An' times ayont the sea—
Oor frien'ship's growin' aulder,
We'll be canty a wee!

Dae ye min' the gowd o' hairst-time,
An' oor sport amang the stooks;
The climbin' o' the auld birk trees
Amang the cawing rooks,
When the grey wa's o' the castle
Echoed back oor youthfu' glee?
Ay, aften then oor hearts were mair
Than canty a wee.

Hoo aften hae we listened
To the cuckoo's simple sang,
Or lookit for her mossy nest
The breckan dells amang;
Hoo aften 'mang the heather speel'd
On hills sae stey an' hie—
'Od, man, the gowden memories
Mak' us canty a wee!

CANTY A WEE

We've pu'd the slaes thegither,
An' we've guddled in the burn,
Wi' the sweet wild hazel blossoms
Keekin' oot at ilka turn;
An' toddled hame at e'enin'
As lichtsome as could be—
Wha wadna be a callan'
An' be canty a wee?

The lang nichts brocht the daffin
An' the splores o' hallowe'en,
When ilka lassie o' her lad
The sma'est glint had seen;
When crouchin' doon amang the stacks,
Wi' lauchin' like to dee,
We whispered words o' fate that made
Her canty a wee.

But years on years hae fled sin' syne,
An' mony frien's we ken
That cleekit wi' us up the brae
Hae slippit thro' the glen;
The brichtest blink o' siller licht
That flickers frae the e'e
At last maun hae an endin'—
We'll be canty a wee.

OH! FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT IN SCOTLAND!

OH! FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT IN SCOTLAND!

Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
Far 'mang the hills that I kent langsyne,
Wi' the clear Clyde Water at near-han' glintin',
An' a cronie or twa that aince were mine;
Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
Whaur mem'ry lingers, an' fond loves twine.

Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
To con ilk scene o' my childhood's play,
To roam aince mair i' the simmer gloamin',
To list the lark i' the daw'in' grey;
Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
Free frae the cark o' the toilsome fray.

Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
To wander licht owre "the bent sae broon,"
To pu' the gowan, an' see the yorlin',
An' hear in the loanin' the burnie's croon;
Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
Wi' cheery faces, an' dwellins 'roun'.

Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
The heart cries oot like a bairn distrest,
For the times gane by i' the caller mornin',
Wi' youth's sweet joy at its blithesome best;
Oh! for a day and a night in Scotland,
*Or life dees doon i' the waitin' West.

*Ere, before.

THE TWA PRAYERS

THE TWA PRAYERS.

"Twa men gaed into the kirk to pray,"
('Twas the Maister the story tauld,
In the aulden time when the unco guid
Had forritsome grown an' bauld).

"The ane was an up-settin' body atweel,
Wi' an unco conceit o' himsel';
The ither a menseless thro'-ither chiel,
Wi' nae muckle guid to tell.

"The up-settin' body spak lood an' lang,
As he threipit the Lord fu' sair,
That he wasna ava like ither men,
But had gowpens o' grace to spare.

"But the menseless chiel, wi' a heid doon hung,
Had little or nocht to say;
But he placed his haun' on his heavin' breist,
An' his heart was sad an' wae.

"An' the Lord aboon, whase heavenly ear
Can hear tho' the lips be dumb,
Had a smile o' peace for His errin' bairn,
That cam' as a bairn suld come."

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CLYDE

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CLYDE.*

(At Abington.)

OH! sweet are the smiles o' the simmer sun
Whaur the silv'ry Severn shines,
An' mony the gardens glittering rich
That the winding Wye entwines;
But fancy flees—an' I stand aince mair
In the purple gloaming-tide
An' the gowden licht o' auld langsyne
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

I hear the croon o' the wee hill-burn
That sings thro' the lang green glen,
Whaur the muircocks craw thro' the misty daw'
And the red fox bigs his den,
Whaur the harebell chimes to the westlan' breeze,
An' doon frae the broon hillside
The scent o' the heather fills the air,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

*Composed near the confluence of the Severn and Wye.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CLYDE

The laverock lilt in the cloudless blue,
An' the wee wild gowans bloom,
An' the lintie chirms a lown love-plaint
In the bield o' the yellow broom.
The blackbird pipes, an' the cushat wails,
An' faur thro' the plantin' wide
The springs o' life are fresh an' young,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

In the howe o' the nicht, when the wan munelicht
Lies sleepin' on cot an' ha',
When the finger of silence has touched the hills,
An' the stars glint doun owre a',
The heart grows grit wi' the thocht o' the rest
Whaur God's ain deid abide,
In the auld kirkyaird on the breist o' the brae,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

THE LOST LANGSYNE

THE LOST LANGSYNE.

The lost langsyne! Oh, the lost langsyne!
Wi' the daylight sae sweet, an' the gloamin' sae fine,
The heart yirms aye, an' the thocht winna tyne,
For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

We trysted at e'en—an' a-courtin' gaed we
When the 'oors sped sae swift 'neath the auld thorn tree,
Sae blythe an' sae blate—dae ye min'? dae ye min'?
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

Or, the hairst was afit, an' the liltin' was free,
An' the sangs that were sung were sae pawky and slee,—
For the luv-light was glintin', and young hearts were
 kin',
In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

The lost langsyne! Oh, the lost langsyne!
The hopes that were yours an' the loves that were mine
Hae shed a' their bloom like a flow'r i' the dwine,
Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

"A DAY IN THE UPPER WARD!"

"A DAY IN THE UPPER WARD."*

(To an Upper Ward friend.)

It's braw in the land o' the maple,
It's bonny at e'en an' morn,
But the cry is far to the broon hillsides,
And the glen where I was born;
And aft when the sun is dancin'
Like a fay on the simmer sward,
My heart gangs gyte for the auld-time ploy—
"A day in the Upper Ward!"

A day when the burnie's singin'
Like a bird frae the upland hicht,
When the fisher's reel is lood an' clear,
And the breist o' the Clyde is bricht!
There's nocht on earth mair cheery,
Gin the dunts o' life ye've daur'd;
It's health for the heart, an' wealth for the brain,
"A day in the Upper Ward!"

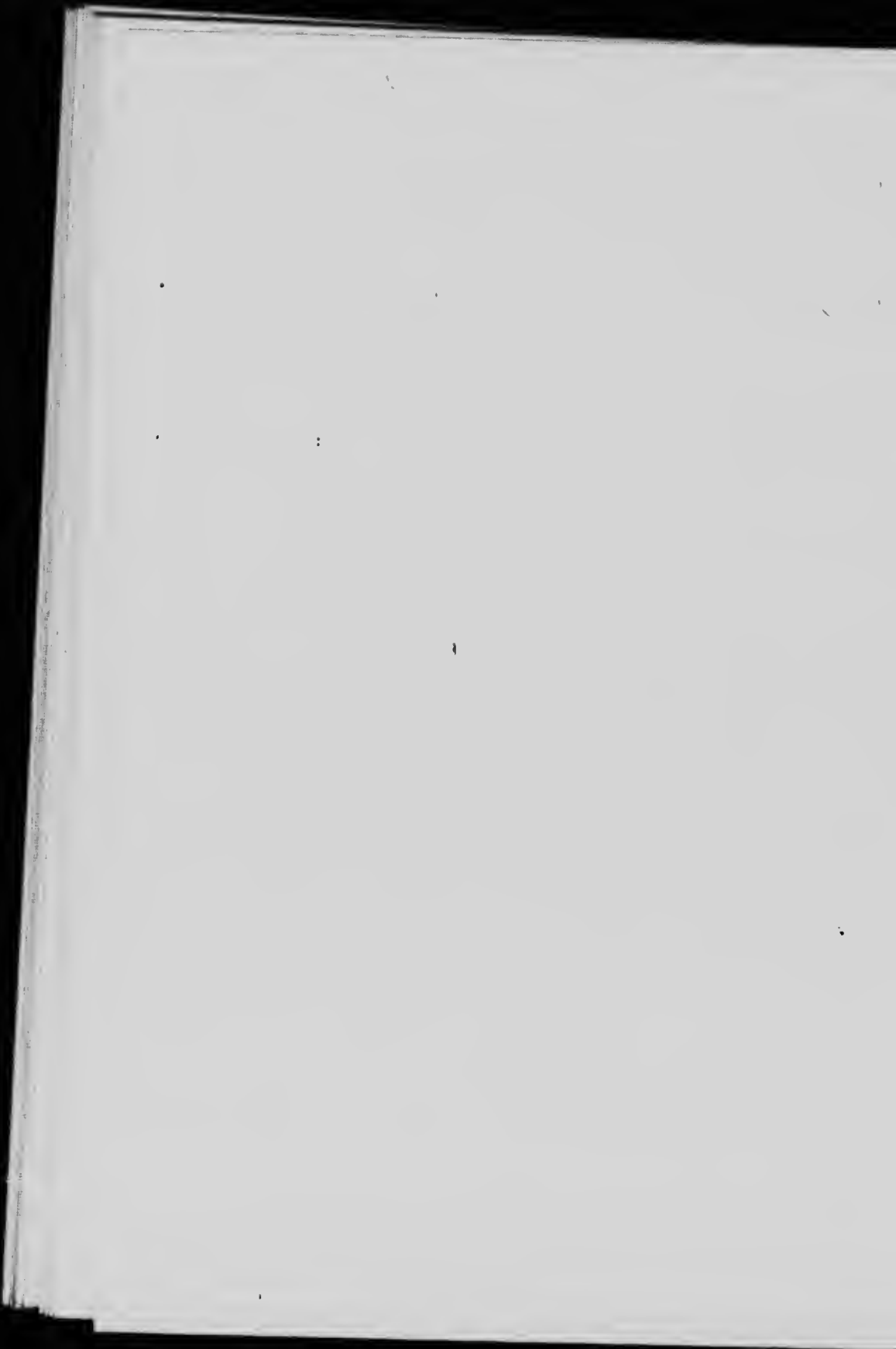
A day when the lift is breezy,
And the laverock's sang is sweet,
When the bickerin' Gonar's saft an' lown
Where the birks an' hazels meet!

*"The Upper Ward," a division of Lanarkshire, Scotland.



"A day in the Upper Ward."

(See page 22.)



"A DAY IN THE UPPER WARD!"

Ye may wad a croon to a chuckie-stane,
Or something gey ill-faur'd,
It's the puir man's bliss, an' the rich man's boon,
"A day in the Upper Ward!"

ENVOI.

And, freen', when the darg is ended,
And the days for me are dune,
When the shiftin' show is oot an' owre,
'Neath the licht o' the sun an' mune;
Gin a wish could win, I fain would rest,
Frae the cark an' care that marr'd,
By my ain forebears in the auld kirkyaird,
"In the mools o' the Upper Ward."

A SCOTTISH DIRGE

A SCOTTISH DIRGE.

(January 22nd, 1901.)

THERE's dool in cot an' clachan, there's wail in hut an'
ha',
The sough o' sorrow's owre the bent by moss an'
muirlan' grey;
An' sabbin' sair an' owercome flees on a' the win's that
blaw—
"The Queen o' bonnie Scotlan' is lying deid the
day!"*

Oh! Scotland minds when but a lass she cam' amang
her ain,
Nae ither e'e was bricht as hers, nae ither face sae
fair;
An' aft within her Hielan' hame her heart's been blythe
an' fain.
Noo Scotlan's Queen—sae lo'ed an' leal—sall come
again nae mair.

Frae Solway Frith to Lerwick Bay a dreid is in the air,
It cleeds the lan'—it haps the toon—it fills the breist
wi' wae;
At kirk or market whaur ye gang, the weird o' doom
is *there*—
The Queen o' bonnie Scotlan' is lying deid the day!
* "The day," a Scottish idiom for "to-day."

OH! LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT

OH! LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

Oh! laverock in the lift
Aboon the Lanark hills,
I hear ye in my dreams in this far Canadian land;
An' the rapture o' thy sang
A' my inmost being thrills,
Tho' leagues of ocean lie between, an' dear auld Scotlan's
strand.

Oh! laverock in the lift,
In the daw'in' siller grey,
When the dew is on the heather, or the moorland white
in crine,
Thy lyric rain outpours
Frae the caller brink o' day,
An' ne'er a poet's heart on earth was free o' care as
thine!

Oh! laverock in the lift,
Gin wishes but were wings,
Hoo mony a wae an' weary wight a barren hope that
tills
Wad flee to hear aince mair,
Whaur mem'ry fondly clings,
Thy blithesome lilt sae sweet an' clear aboon the Lanark
hills!

THE NORTH COUNTRIE

THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

BONNIE blooms the broom
In the wild wudit glen,
Sweet lilts the laverock
By muirside an' fen;
But the dreich dree o' wae
In the heart dims the e'e,
And I lang for my hame
In the north countrie.

Simmer'e in the lift
And the flow'r decks the brae;
Saft fa's the nicht
Wi' its gloamin' o' grey;
But the heart canna bide,
Sae the feet fain wad be
Wi' the wild heather-bell
In the north countrie.

Oh! eerie is the sough
O' sorrow owre the min';
The last grip o' frien'ship
The saul wadna tine;
And the heart-strings o' luvie,
Like the leaf to the tree,
Still cling to my hame
In the north countrie.

HOGMANAY

HOGMANAY.

I.

It's a queer auld word wi' an *unco* soun',
And kindly mem'ries clustering roun'!
It's steeped in the haze o' that far-aff time
When fun an' frolic an' youth were prime,
And the sun in the lift had a lauch in his e'e
As he blink'd at morn on you an' me!
Oh! saft frae the years comes the auld *owelay*,
And again we're bairns—an' it's Hogmanay!

II.

Oh! Hogmanay! Auld Hogmanay!
Your heart is licht tho' your pow is grey;
And 'spite o' the haps that come an' gang
Ye're cracky an' canty, an' fu' o' sang,
Sae blythe's y'er fit as ye lead the dance,
Sae fell an' blythe—dull care's in France—
Oh! wha in the warld could say ye nay?
Here's a han' to ye yet, Auld Hogmanay!

A NEW YEAR LILT

A NEW YEAR LILT.

THE blink frae the ingle is bonny,
Auld frien's in their places are set.
O' sadness there ne'er suld be ony
When frien'ship wi' frien'ship is met;
When hearts in the faces are shinin',
And thocht has its back to the wa'—
Oh! wha wad e'er think o' repinin'?—
A happy New Year to ye a'!

A happy New Year to ye a', my frien's,
A happy New Year to ye a';
O' pleasure an' care we've a' had a share
In the year that has hirpilt awa'.

A bannock, a kebbuck, a jorum
O' guid hamely browst for us a'!
Oh! wha wi' prim ladye Decorum
Wad sit in the shade like a craw?
Auld Scotlan' wi' rowth o' guid plaiden
Has happit her heid frae the snaw,
Sae till nicht intil daylight is fadin'
A fig for the wild win's that blaw!

A fig for the wild win's that blaw, my frien's,
The rain or the rowk or the snaw!
Here's a health to ilk ane—an' wi't wealth, my frien's,
And a happy New Year to ye a'.

A NEW YEAR LILT

And wha wad be sib unto Sorrow?
The jaud has eneuch an' to spare;
Frae the 'oors that are fleetin' we'll borrow
A croun on Dame Frolic to ware!
Sae blythe we'll be a', an' suld even
A towmond o' trouble befa',
Oh! ne'er without hope were the leevin'—
A happy New Year to ye a'!

A happy New Year to ye a', my frien's,
A happy New Year to ye a';
O' pleasure an' care we've a' had a share
In the year that has hirpilt awa'.

BAULDY, THE LOON

BAULDY, THE LOON.

(*A Mither's Complaint.*)

He's aye in a mischief frae mornin' till nicht,
Wi' his breeks a' in tatters, his heid in a fricht;
There ne'er was his marrow in kintra nor toon,
That ne'er-dae-weel callant—oor Bauldy, the loon.

He speels on the yett, or he climbs on the dyke,
Whyles cuttin' his han's, an' belyve in a fyke;
Syne thumpin' a pan for a drum he gangs roun',
Till I'm perfectly deav'd wi't—oor Bauldy, the loon.

Yestreen in the gloamin', an' nae faurer gane,
He feucht wi' anither doon by in the lane,
Till a neebor gaed stappin', brocht oot by the soun',
When fleein' like stour was—oor Bauldy, the loon.

He struts an' he strides, an' he mak's sic a din
When phraisin' for ocht that I'm gled to gae in,
As wi' kindly bit grup *then* he tugs at my goon—
The wee sleekit rascal—oor Bauldy, the loon.

BAULDY, THE LOON

But sometimes I gether—in dreams it maun be,—
A glimpse o' the future owre life's rowin' sea;
When nae mair a laddie, but bearded and broon,
He'll comfort his mither'—oor Bauldy, the loon.

An' deep in my bosom as time onward flees,
The fond hope lies glintin' whaur naeboddy sees;
It brichtens ilk wark'oor—nicht, mornin', an' noon—
An' shines like a sun-blink roun'—Bauldy, the loon.

A FLOWER

A FLOWER.

(On receiving a flower enclosed in a letter with a sketch of native scenery.)

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne
Frae the hills that I ca' my ain,
An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams maun twine,
In the howes o' my waukrife brain;
Nae doot 'twas a feckless thing to sen',
But it thrilled my heart, forsooth!
Wi' a nameless joy I was fey to ken,
That flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

I hae lookit on grander gems o' licht,
An' fresher frae Nature's hand,
But nane that were burden't wi' thocht mair bricht
In the length or breadth o' the land;
For it brocht wi' its blinks o' dew-deck'd lea
An' its pearlins o' muirlan' truth
A kiss frae the mou' that I fain wad pree—
Sweet flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The smiling o' fortune may e'en gang by
An' the lustre o' coronets wane,
But love, like a star in the gloamin' sky,
Beams aft in the gloom alane;
An' tho' 'neath the blasts o' misfortune chill
The blossoms o' hope may fa',
A Han' frae aboon has plantit still
A flow'r in the warld for a'.

THE KING IN SCOTLAND

THE KING IN SCOTLAND.

*"We're prood o' the King wi' a thistle in his coat."**

I.

Ho! brither Scots, whaure'er ye be,
At hame or faur awa',
I wad ye'll cock yer lugs fu' crouse;
Come tent ye, ane an' a'!
It coves the crack o' kirk an' state,
The news that's noo afloat—
The King's in bonny Scotlan'
Wi' a thistle in his coat!

II.

"Guid mornin' to yer Majesty!"
Auld Scotland curchied fain,
"Ye're welcome for yer mither's sake,
An' kindly for yer ain;
Gin ye be weel I needna speer,
Heth! ilka chiel may note—
The King is hale an' he'rty
Wi' a thistle in his coat!

*At a Highland gathering in Scotland the late King Edward was present with a thistle in his coat.—*Vide* Scottish press, October, 1902.

THE KING IN SCOTLAND

III.

“Wi’ twa-three weeks to stent yer lungs
Here in oor caller air
I trow ye’ll grow mair caucy yet,
Wi’ bluid an’ brawn to spare;
We’ll mak’ the hoose fu’ tosh an’ trig,
An’ beek the mickle pot—
The King himsel’s amang us
Wi’ a thistle in his coat!”

IV.

Sae Scotsmen a’ o’ ilk degree,
Whaure’er ye’re blawn by fate,
Gae spread the news to neebors roun’,
Oh! dinna ye be blate!
Ill clish-ma-claver leein’ loons
Ye needna mind a jot—
The King’s in bonny Scotlan’
Wi’ a thistle in his coat!

IN THE HOWE AYONT THE LYNN

IN THE HOWE AYONT THE LINN.

WHEN the e'enin' keps the gloamin'
An' the cushie-doo is still;
When the birdies quat their roamin'
An' the bee has left the hill,
I wad fain a tryst be keepin',
Free o' yaumer an' o' din,
Wi' a bonnie lassie creepin'
To the howe ayont the linn.

Youth is sweet when simmer's fa'in'
Oot o' fleckit skies abune,
Mirth wi' daffin' pays the lawin'
'Neath the gowden harvest mune.
List! a secret, laird an' lady,
Mak's the hours like meenits rin—
Happit heids aneath the plaidie
In the howe ayont the linn.

IN THE HOWE AYONT THE LINN

Men wi' life an' strife are seekin'
Gauds o' glory a' aroon;
Cark an' care are aften keekin'
Frae the broo that hauds a croon;
But a joy that winna sadden,
An' that courtiers canna win,
Are the blinks o' luve that gladden
In the howe ayont the linn.

Sae when nicht the earth is cleedin',
An' the wold is silent a',
When a Han' the stars is leadin'
Like a flock the west awa';
I wad fain a tryst be keepin',
Free o' yaumer an' o' din,
Wi' a bonnie lassie creepin'
To the howe ayont the linn.

A LASSIE'S LILT

A LASSIE'S LILT.

OH! sweet is the bloom o' the heather,
An' blythe is the hum o' the bee,
When the bricht sun o' simmer is glintin'
Far owre the broon hills to the sea;
But sweeter than heather an' sunshine,
Or ocht tak's the ear an' the e'e,
Is the 'oor when young Jamie comes courtin'
Amang the broom bushes to me.
It's no for his hame an' his haudin',
It's no for his hain'd penny fee,
Nor yestreen that he spak' o' a waddin';
It's the leal licht o' luve in his e'e.

Fu' saft is the breath o' the mornin',
The lilt o' the laverock is sweet,
Wi' the wee gowans bonnily blinkin'
In crimson an' gowd 'mang the weet.
The reapers gang blythe to the hairstrig,
The lintie leaps oot on the lea,
An' my heart sings an' soars wi' the laverock,
For joy that the gloamin' gi'es me.
It's no for the glamour that bides in't,
Grey-purple owre turret an' tree;
But the lad that comes down the hillsides in't
To tryst in its faulding wi' me.

A LASSIE'S LILT

Then, hey! for the grey simmer gloamin',
The tryst, an' the bloom o' the whin,
Near by whaur the burnie in roamin'
Drops doon in its glee owre the linn;
The sun is awa' owre the mountain,
The gowd croon o' licht on his bree,
An' the nicht-win' sae cool frae the fountain,
I'll e'en tak an' airin' an' pree.
It's no for the nicht-win' an' airin',
Losh! what gars a young lassie lee?—
Speir the lad that to meet me is farin',
Wi' the leal licht o' luve in his e'e!

A LINTIE'S LAMENT

A LINTIE'S LAMENT

*(For a beautiful old thorn, near Abington House, Scotland,
cut down by the woodman's axe).*

Fu' sad in the gloamin' a lintie was singin',
An' auld Mither Nature was sleepin' awee:
"I'm dowie tho' bonnie ilk sweet flower is springin'
Awa' frae my hame in the auld thorn tree.

"Lang, lang ha'e I nestled frae rude win's when blawin',
Or coorted at e'en in its branches sae hie;
Nae mair noo I wauken frae bricht dreams at daw'in',
Nae mair lilt sae blythe in the auld thorn tree.

"When milk-white its blossoms sae dewy were hingin',
An' glancin' as brichtly as luve frae the e'e,
I thochtna that cauld fate sae ruthless was bringin'
An end to my joys an' the auld thorn tree.

"The notes o' the mavis and blackbird are ringin';
They kenna—they feelna the sair thole I dree;
In fancy ilk sun-blink o' life still is clingin'
Round' the low-lyin' trunk o' the auld thorn tree."

ATWEEN AN' ANNAN WATER

ATWEEN AN' ANNAN WATER.

"The simmer sun is in the west, and downward frae the
hill

The shepherd whistles blithe at heart, an' hameward
hauds awa';

An' fain a lad wi' me wad tryst when a' is hushed and
still,

Atween an' Annan Water when the nicht begins to
fa'.

"The banks o' Tweed are bonnie aye; the links o' Clyde
are fair,

An' Nith amang its wuds sae green gangs singin'
unco' braw;

But sweetness frae the flow'r o' luve is fillin' a' the air,
Atween an' Annan Water when the nicht begins to
fa'."

An' sae I thocht, an' sae I sang, a towmond, less or
mair,

Till Winter wi' his weary win's athort the land did
blaw,

An' my true luve was twined frae me by ane as fause
as fair,

Atween an' Annan Water when the nicht begins to
fa'.

ATWEEN AN' ANNAN WATER

The heather-bell may cleed the hill, the clover lead the
bee,

An' roun' the dewy rose at e'en the westlan' zephyr
blaw;

But wae's me! for the winsome face I ne'er again sall
see

Atween an' Annan Water when the nicht begins to
fa'.

DEAR HAME O' MY HEART LANGSYNE

DEAR HAME O' MY HEART LANGSYNE.

DEAR hame o' my heart langsyne,
Whaur the lums o' the muirlan' reek,
An' the peesweep's cry on the win' gangs by,
An' the warld is faur to seek;
Oh! the years hae been lang an' lanesome
That sunder'd my fate frae thine,
But the 'oor is sweet when in thocht we meet,
Dear hame o' my heart langsyne!

Dear hame o' my heart langsyne!
Whaur the Clyde rins wimplin' clear,
An' the lintie's sang, the glens amang,
In the gloamin' fills the ear;
Oh! bricht are the dreams that wauken
In mem'ry's beam to shine,
Oot owre the sea, frae thy heathery lea,
Dear hame o' my heart langsyne!

Dear hame o' my heart langsyne,
In the lown whaur the martyrs sleep,
An' the heathbell waves aboon their graves,
In the howe o' the hills sae steep;
Oh! aft in a dwam I hearken
Deid voices I canna tyne—
Till time is set, I sall ne'er forget,
Dear hame o' my heart langsyne!

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

Hid in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,
Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,
The martyr's grave that we kent langsyne
Pleads wi' the heart in the wilds unseen;
An' the glen whaur, forfouchen an' hunted sair,
He socht for a den by the roebuck's lair.

Alane, on the hill-tap stern an' grey,
Alane, in the fa' o' heaven's ain dew,
He thocht o' the Lord and His promise guid,
For the faith o' the Covenant life was true;
An' a sweet dream cam' owre his wearied sicht,
Like a gleam straucht doon frae the starns o' licht.

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,
Far frae the love o' his kith an' kin,
He still was leal to the grand auld League,
For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin;
An' the croun was his that the sainted wear,
For it glintit aft on his broo o' care.

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,
Sae he didna flee frae the 'oor o' doom,
His father's God was his only trust;
An' his saul ta'en flicht to the realms sae blest,
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin' mist.

AULD TIMES GANE

AULD TIMES GANE.

THE merle woos the simmer back
In yonder birken schaw,
An' saftly owre the gloamin' glen
His hamert liltins fa';
The floo'rs, like rays o' fancy, spring
Athort the buskit plain—
They bringna to the weary heart
The auld times gane.

The heather o' the heathy knowes,
The bracken aye sae green,
Afore a clud o' care comes doon
Are brichtest to the een;
The youthfu' joy that winna bide
The mirkest life wad hain,
An' gleids o' licht that gether roun'
The auld times gane.

The laverock winna sing sae sweet
When things are turnin' grey;
When fled the starnie o' the lea,
The primrose on the brae;
An', cauldribe frae the glint o' gowd,
The wanderer owre the main
Kens in his heart the sough o' wae
For auld times gane.

THE HILLS O' HAME FOREVER

THE HILLS O' HAME FOREVER.

LET others sing of martial deeds
That live enshrined in story,
The freeman's fight for freedom's cause
That claims the meed of glory;
Be ours a humbler theme to raise
That time can tarnish never;
In canty strain to lilt again,
"The hills o' hame forever."

They've ferlies fair ayont the sea,
By wood and lake and river,
But fairer rise to greet the skies
The hills o' hame forever.

Oh! other lands may seem mair grand,
Wi' sunshine sweetly streaming,
Where fortune basks in Nature's smile
By fountains brightly gleaming;
But Scottish hearts, where'er they roam,
Wi' fond emotion quiver,
And turn to see wi' fancy's e'e
The hills o' hame forever.

They've ferlies fair ayont the sea,
By wood and lake and river,
But fairer rise to greet the skies,
The hills o' hame forever.

IN YARROW

IN YARROW.

I LAY on the braes of Yarrow,
In the deepening gloaming-tide,
And the dying fall of a sad, sweet tune
Seemed haunting the Border side,

Like a plaint from the land of Faëry,
In the mystic days of yore,
Of a ladye-love for her own true knight,
When his elfin spear he bore.

For so weird was the wold, and lonely,
And the emerald sward so green,
That a dreamer of eld might fancy *there*
The morrice was danced yestreen.

And the hills and the streams around me
In the light of song were fair,
And a sad grey beauty that died away
On "The Bush aboon Traquair."

So I thought of Wordsworth's ballads-
'Neath the full red harvest moon;
Of the Ettrick Bard and Sir Walter Scott,
And Thomas of Erceldoune.

IN YARROW

Of the band of nameless singers,
Like the sun in the west sunk down,
The magic spell of whose glamourie
Still haloes each tower and town.

And my heart was moved in Yarrow,
As the night wind moves the sea,
By the touch of a far-off, strange unrest,
From the ages of gramarye.

TO HOGG'S SKYLARK

TO HOGG'S SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless.

—Hogg.

OH! Skylark of the Shepherd's lay,
High-poised above all touch of wrong,
That, dew-besprent, for evermore
Doth wing the deathless deeps of song!
What happy chance, thrice blessed bird
O'er all thy fellows, brought thee there,
When *he* of faëry kith and kin
Came forth to greet the morning fair,
And God's bright signet set anew,
On holt, and *hope*, and mountain blue?

Mayhap, some rude or strange alarm
Before the dawn disturbed thy dream,
When drowsed in slumber, nesting sweet,
By Ettrick's murmuring moorland stream!
But kindlier fate was never deign'd
To wilding of the earth or air,
Than thine when *he* of wizard power
Enraptured caught thy sky-note rare,
And soft on bush and bracken lay
The golden beams of breaking day!

TO HOGG'S SKYLARK

For dowered by Poesy's magic might,
In that far green and Border glen
Still shrills thy strain thro' all the years
Amidst the haunts and homes of men!
Nor day's decline can break the spell,
Nor sun's eclipse can stay the charm;
Above thee still the heaven doth smile,
Beneath, thy heath-bed still is warm,
And weary hearts, forespent, for aye
Shall list thy music, lyrist grey!

AT THE GRAVE OF CARLYLE

AT THE GRAVE OF CARLYLE.*

(A *Commonplace Reverie.*)

To-DAY I bowed my head upon the grave
Of him who smote with pen of vatic fire
The shams and insincerities of life. Whose clarion-call
Broke with a strangeness on our modern ears,
Like His of old within the wilderness. I stoop'd,
Yea, almost worshipped, breathless at the feet
Of this Grand Warrior laid unto his rest
Amidst the silence of the Scottish hills.

Then from me fled the present, and I saw
The peasant boy upon the village street,
Unconscious yet of all the growing power—
The slumbering Thor within his youthful brain;
And shadowy glimpses of that further time
That clasps forever this green Borderland
A soothing calm upon my spirit threw,
Like the grey beauty of a summer eve:

*These lines are an attempt to embody, to a certain extent, an early conception of Carlyle; and to reproduce, however inadequately, a little of that atmosphere of old-Hebrew-prophet remoteness and reverence, almost amounting to awe, in which this modern Light-Bringer seemed to dwell, while living, to thousands of his countrymen. The desire to be laid with his kinsfolk in the peasant home and ways of his youth, has always appeared to the writer a deeply pathetic incident in the closing career of Carlyle.

AT THE GRAVE OF CARLYLE

But passing onward—once again I knew
The stripling lad amid the college fanes,
And in his eager eyes a deathless light—
The shafted fire that slept 'neath shaggy brows,
When, flushing into manhood's glorious prime,
Despite the jeers of those who take the shame,
And urge along the centuries the cry
"Can any good come out of Nazareth?"
He smote the face of Wrong, and thence became
A giant labourer in the world's behoof.

Dwelling apart, he spake unto his kind
As one commissioned from the living God;
Stayed by no minor music, having heard
The deep Sphere-Harmonies that rule the stars,
And Earth's "still voices" of Infinitude.
And thus he seemed, more closely as the years
Deepen'd their shadows o'er his strong, pure life,
To hold aloof, and reck but little of
The hourly needs—the daily hopes and fears
That stir the troubled hearts of common men.

Until the end!

"Until the end!" I said;
For, kneeling here unto his grave, I saw
The few, fond mourners—leaving all behind
Of "storied urn or animated bust"—
Bringing the old man home; and thus in death
Making his greatness greater evermore.

HIGHLAND MARY

HIGHLAND MARY.

THE brows of Helen from the towers of Troy
Shine down the ages like a midnight star;
And, veiled in splendours of supernal joy,
The holy face of Beatrice gleams afar;
Petrarca's Laura draws us by the might
Of charm ineffable; while, sweet and strong,
Rich vintages we quaff from eyes still bright,
"Embalmed in amber" of undying song:

But fairer, sweeter, by "the gurgling Ayr"
One tender form of womanly delight
Lives by the might of verse forever fair,
And fresh as ever fell the morning light:
Nor Time nor Death hath aught of conquest *here*,
Beneath the heaven of Love's immortal sphere!

"DEATH HATH NO TERRORS"

"DEATH HATH NO TERRORS."

DEATH hath no terrors! thus at times we speak,
Appeasing sorrow with our phrases fair;
Making sweet speech, ah! vainly do we seek
To clothe the aching void of heart despair.
It may not be: the Smiter comes and takes
Our lov'd and best, and ever as of old
The dark-robed Angel in his frenzy shakes
Our dim philosophies and creeds of gold.

Nor would I deem it fitting, Brother mine
In dreamless slumber by the infant Clyde,
To steel the soul by Stoic word or line
Against the human tears that gently glide
For thy dear sake: apart from earthly ills,
Oh! sweetly sleep among thy Scottish hills!

OH! GREEN TO-DAY BE TEVIOT'S BANKS

OH! GREEN TO-DAY BE TEVIOT'S BANKS.*

OH! green to-day be Teviot's banks,
And sweet be Teviot's flowing,
With Tweed and Ettrick soft in tune
Where heather-bells are blowing!
For *him* who sang in shepherd strain
And accents strong and tender,
Auld Scotland's hills and heathy dells,
And Scotland's sons that *fend* her.

The sun that shines on Teviothead
Is brighter for his singing;
The plover pipes a weirder plaint
Along the moorlands winging;
And clear and still at "gloaming fa',"
When dews begem the mountain,
The star of eve his name endears
Above the lonely fountain.

Fresh as the laverock's lilt that *rains*
From breezy skies above it,
His lyric muse is shrined and crown'd
In simple hearts that love it;
And far and near, in strath and glen
Where fleecy flocks are straying,
In quiet nooks his mem'ry keeps
Undimmed of Time's decaying.

*Centenary tribute to Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet," "The Crook and Plaid," "The wild glen aae green," etc.

CAVALIER OR COVENANTER?

CAVALIER OR COVENANTER?

I.

CAVALIER or Covenanter?

Which, I ask, am I?

O'er the hills to Royal Charlie

In my blood I fly;

Fierce, exulting, glad, unthinking,

Led by light of song,

Swift beneath the Prince's banner

All my fancies throng!

II.

But, again, when night is falling

On the lonely moor,

Forth I fare in heart to follow

With God's loyal poor;

Hunted, hated, scorned—for freedom

Doomed to do or die!

Cavalier or Covenanter?

Which, I ask, am I?

A LARK'S FLIGHT

A LARK'S FLIGHT.

(1759—1796.)

BEHOLD!—a morning sky,
And singing in its midmost heaven, a lark,
So sweet and clear, no trouble seemeth nigh,
Nor footstep of the dark.

E'en so!—our ploughman bard
In lark-like accents greets the morning ray;
With soul elate upspringeth from earth's sward,
In song and raptur'd lay.

But lo!—a speck that grew
To thunderous glooms and mutterings overhead;
That lyric heart is palsied in the blue,
And Robert Burns lies dead!

MEMORIES

MEMORIES.

(To M. H. B.)

TELL me not, O Phyllis fair, the years can bring
forgetting—

Magic-toned at morn and eve the old-time voices call,
Grey-green hill and misty glen, and moorland brooklet's
fretting,

Golden gorse and tassell'd broom, and heather over
all!

Lucent gleams of dewy lawn allure my heart's regretting,
Winding strath, and sylvan vale where mystic waters
flow;

Gloaming with a fairy charm, the white moon dimly
setting,

Clasps me in a wild embrace, and will not let me go!

ON READING "GLINTS O' GLENGONNAR"

ON READING "GLINTS O' GLENGONNAR."*

(To the Author.)

DEAR friend, thy pen for me evokes
The golden years of long ago;
Here where Canadian snows are piled
Glengonnar's waters flow!

Again I breast the hill, and hark
The call of early comrades near,
And far within the blue of heaven
A skylark singeth clear!

With eager foot I tread the glen;
Familiar speech is in my ears,
And forms, long lost, loom dimly thro'
A Scottish mist of tears!

O friend, full surely wizard art
And warlock witchery are thine,
Transmuting thus a foreign strand
To scenes of auld langsyne!

*A book of character sketches of Upper Clydesdale.

THE JEWELLER

THE JEWELLER.

IN a grey old German city, in the Rhineland by the sea,
Dwelt in ancient times a singer with his craft of high
degree,

And his songs were sad and plaintive as he wrought of
gems and gold
Many a quaint device to pleasure ladye-love and baron
bold.

Many years the cunning craftsman laboured at his
wondrous art,
And each jewelled triumph finished drew a song from
out his heart,

Till one eve forever stricken fell his deft and dainty
hand,
With a blood-red ruby carven for the Prince of all the
land.

"It is just," he bowed and whisper'd, "Yea, O God, Thy
doom is just;
These be lurid lights that beacon souls of men to depths
accurst."

THE JEWELLER

And afar the angel-warder, keeping watch above his own,
Murmur'd deep within the silence where the stars of
God are sown:

"Spoken well, O worthy Master—hark! the little
children sing;
Thine the song—a better guerdon *this* than carven gems
may bring."

THE ANGEL OF SORROW

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

I.

He came from a far-off land of light,
The Angel of Sorrow in garments white!

And, with heavenly pity, he stirred again
The water of life in the hearts of men.

But the multitude cried as he held his way:
"The shadow of Death on his forehead lay;

"He shall not dwell in our valley here
When the blossoming vine doth crown the year!"

So he passed away, tho' his face was sweet
With a glory caught at the Saviour's feet.

II.

In a lowly cot he is standing now,
And his hand is laid on a woman's brow.

But his touch hath balm that no words can bring,
As the tears of love in her eyes upspring.

THE ANGEL OF SORROW

O men, ye have scorned in his high behest
The Angel of Sorrow, who giveth rest !

For the woman arose with a vict'ry won,
And a whisper low : " Thy will be done ! "

And peace lay shining within her breast,
Like a dove at eve that hath found its nest.

FALLEN

FALLEN.

(Sir Hector Macdonald.)

WAIL! wail! ye wild winds, 'mong the dim, misty
Islands!
A hero lies stricken—alas! not in war;
Sad pibroch! scream low in the glens of the Highlands—
The black cloud of midnight engulfs a bright star!

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

(A Toast.)

WHEN to the festal board ye throng
And pledge your heroes high,
When mantles in the cheek the blood,
And proudly beams the eye;
Oh! let his name be ne'er forgot,
The sturdy patriot bold—
The bravest man in Scotland
In the brave days of old!

He stood for right with dauntless might,
And round his country threw
A fearless arm to guard and save
When faithful hearts were few;
And evermore for Freedom's sake
His doughty deeds are told—
The bravest man in Scotland
In the brave days of old!

Nor ever shall his glory fade,
His fame be dimmed by years;
Wherever men for Liberty
Shed forth their blood and tears
The story of his derring-do
Shall strengthen and uphold—
The bravest man in Scotland
In the brave days of old!

IN A SCRAP-ALBUM

IN A SCRAP-ALBUM.

ONE heroine there is in Scottish song
To whom in thought I often liken thee;
As gleams the daisy thro' rathe grasses long
Thy sweet face shines—*my Bonnie Bessie Lee.*

A POET KING

A POET KING.*

WHAT meaneth this wild commotion?
Why surgeth the crowd along?
'Tis the natal day of a poet king,
The chief of Scottish song;
And lo! they come in thousands
From mountain and strath and glen,
As free in soul as the air they breathe,
To honour a Saul of men.

And grandly, hark! is ringing
On the silv'ry streams of day,
"The rank is but of the coin the stamp,
The man's the gold for aye."
No lyric dream is this,
To thrill with its magic thrall,
No fancy caught from the wilds of thought,
But a cry from the hearts of all.

The soul of manhood leaps
In the toil-encircled throng;
They shake the earth with their bounding tread,
For he hath made them strong;
For wreathed with the light of genius
The labour-warrior stands,
And the bulwarks e'en of a throne might fall,
If smote by his horny hands.

*Written for the Inauguration of the Glasgow Burns' statue,
which was unveiled by Lord Houghton on January 25th, 1877.

A POET KING

And the blinded god of Mammon
Hath paled at the minstrel's name,
And a shiver hath passed to his crusted soul
'Neath the blaze of the heavenly flame;
The tyrant with gloom in his heart,
And the brand of Cain on his brow,
Like a craven quakes in his white-lipped fear
At the gleaming of freedom now.

* * * * *

The shroud of the past hath vanished,
And the mighty-given-of-God
Looms forth entranced with the meanest flower
That springs from the verdant sod.
Oh! wildly impassioned spirit!
In the throes of thy great unrest,
Thou gavest the golden chalice of Thought,
But we called for the ribald jest.

The stamp of the mind unfettered,
The smile and the orbèd fire,
No magic touch to the image brings,
We garnish a broken lyre:
But, scarr'd with the fight of ages,
Triumphantly Scotia turns,
With a queenly glance of pride in her eyes,
To gaze on her laureate Burns.

A REVERIE IN DICKENS

A REVERIE IN DICKENS.

(The Death of Little Nell.)

I READ by the dying sunlight
That tale of a life so brief,
On the calm, pale, deathly beauty
I gazed with the old man's grief.

And the child-form lay before me,
Like a gem from the mint of God;
Asleep, as a flower awaiteth
The Spring 'neath the harden'd sod.

* * * * *

And methought that in silence there liveth
A sorrow too sad for tears,
And a grave in each heart that groweth
More green with the passing years.

A grave in our life's dark chamber,
Where Love like Ophelia sings,
Where the worldly footstep falls not,
Nor the shadow of earthly things.

A MIDSUMMER MADRIGAL

A MIDSUMMER MADRIGAL.

At the postern gate of Day
Stands Apollo clad in light,
Trilling forth a summons gay
To the wrinkled warder Night:

"Ho! old laggard, what has kept?
Dost not hear this challenge mine?
Well I wot thy beard has dipt
In the wassail's ruddy wine.

"Song and story, gibe and jest,
With thy boon companions all;
To the donjon of the west,
Now betake thee, Seneschal!

"Ward and watch, and vigil keen,
Still thy beacon fires confest,
Blazing in the blue serene;
Hie thee, warrior, to thy rest!"

And in armour silver-dight,
As becomes a knight to win,
At the postern held by Night
Crowned Apollo enters in.

THE TWO ANGELS

THE TWO ANGELS.

I stood and saw the Angel of the Dawn,
Whose rest had been in heaven the dark night
through,
Pressing, with jewelled feet, the silent lawn
In radiant robes of dew.

And slowly to the west, in ebon gloom,
Upbearing in his lifted hands on high
The scroll of destiny—of life and doom,
The night-watch passèd by.

But ere he turned his step from earth away
I gazed upon his countenance again,
And, lo! I thought upon his brow there lay
A shadow as of pain.

But he, the brother-angel of the day,
Bore on his breast the beaming star of hope,
And in his golden chalice balm, alway,
On bruised hearts to drop.

And so to men there cometh evermore
One angel fraught with promise, making glad;
And one who taketh from the stricken sore
Much anguish, wild and sad.

EQUALITY

EQUALITY.

ALL men are equal! Knight and churl
Doth share by sovereign right
God's grand Pavilion of the Day,
His Palace of the Night!

For each the dew, the stars, the sheen
By sun and moonlight cast;
And, like tired children, lo! for each
Earth's mother breast at last!

IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM.

"Thy will be done, O Lord!" as thus again
With stricken hearts we say,
Out of the house of bondage, dark with pain,
Thy voice has called to-day.

"Thy will be done!" Beneath our roof-tree keeps
"The Shadow fear'd of man,"
But she for whom we fear'd now calmly sleeps,
And on her features wan

A smile seraphic lies—a greeting given,
As if, far-off on high,
The soul had caught one earthly glimpse of heaven
And Christ himself stood by.

A GRAVE IN SAMOA

A GRAVE IN SAMOA.

("I do not even know if I desire to live there (Scotland); but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, 'Oh, why left I my hame?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me every year: there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!"—*R. L. Stevenson.*)

THE wild birds strangely call,
And silent dawns and purple eves are *here*
Where Southern stars upon *his* grave look down,
Calm-eyed and wondrous clear!

No strife his resting mars!
And yet we deem far off from tropic steeps,
His spirit cleaves the pathway of the storm,*
Where dark Tantallon keeps.

For still in plaintive woe,
By haunting mem'ry of *his* yearning led,
The wave-worn Mother of the misty strand
Mourns for her absent dead:

"Ah! bear him gently home
To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray,
And ruddy lights across the steaming rains
Shine soft at close of day!"

*A reference in this and the following verse is made to a Highland superstition, in which the Motherland calls her absent dead.

THE MINNESINGER.

I stood within the shadows of the Night,
The weary, lonesome night,
And Sorrow, with her charioteer of Death,
Went by with eyes affright.

And ever upward from the darken'd depths
Of Life's sad, troubled sea,
The cry of stricken hearts came ceaseless from
Pale lips of agony.

And joyous Hope with ruddy Mirth was there,
In revel girt with light.
The glow of Youth, the wail of wild Despair,
Beneath me in the Night.

And lo! in sadness bent a man of years
Upon a broken lyre,
Whose golden strings no breath divine had swept,—
Touch'd not with sacred fire.

An humble singer of that lowly band
Whose harpings, sweet withal,
Strength have not as the bards' of finer mould,
Who thro' the ages call.

THE MINNESINGER

And gazing heavenward to the silent stars
From earth and earthy things,
His soul went forth in earnest, pure desire,
On faith's most holy wings:

"Father, I pray that Thou wouldst deign for me,
Within Thy vineyard grand,
One little flower, although of low degree,
To raise with trembling hand—

"One little song-bud born from out the heart,
Which unto men might be,
Amidst the turmoil of the world's great mart,
A still, small voice from Thee."

WHEN THE HEATHER SCENTS THE AIR

WHEN THE HEATHER SCENTS THE AIR.

(A Scottish-Canadian Song.)

CANADIAN woods are bonny
And Canadian waters blue,
When the simmer airts the maple
And the clover drains the dew;
But a longing comes at mornin',
And at e'en the heart is sair,
For the hills o' bonny Scotland,
When the heather scents the air.

Oh! hills sae broon an' bonny,
When the heather scents the air!

St. Lawrence rolls in grandeur,
And Ottawa's dark tide
'Twixt banks o' bloom an' verdure
Sweeps onward sunny wide;
But a something *here* is wantin',
And a licht that's gane is *there*—
By the Clyde, the Tweed, the Annan,
When the heather scents the air.

Oh! hame's my heart in Scotland,
When the heather scents the air!



sf
Jugy 1912

"When the heather scents the air."

(See page 76.)

ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS.

(A Canadian tribute. January 25th.)

To-NIGHT, amid Canadian snows,
In lordly hall and cottage home,
Where'er the blood of Scotsmen flows,
Where'er the feet of Scotsmen roam,
One name upon the lips grows sweet,
More rich than wine from purple urns,
With thrill electric, flashing fleet—
The name of Robert Burns.

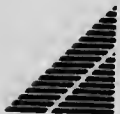
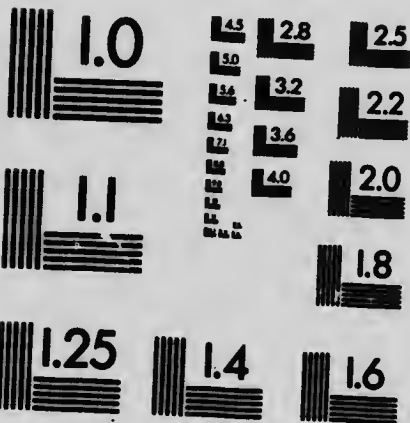
Young hearts thro' all the golden years
Proclaim the magic of his wand,
And aged eyes are wet with tears
With music from his loving hand.
He is not dead—he cannot die,—
A king of men he still returns,
And rules as erst with spirit high
The land of Robert Burns.

In clouds of glory dash'd with rain,
With heavenly light-gleams bound and furled,
From his high Caucasus of Pain
He casts a song-wreath round the world;
And weakest souls beneath his spell
Have gather'd strength as he who spurns
The might of tyrants: it is well!
God bless you! Robert Burns.



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IN WESTERN WOODS

IN WESTERN WOODS.

I.

In western woods an exile
In dreamy musing stands,
The gleaming axe uplifted,
And stayed with steady hands;
He hears again the murmur
As bees the heather sip,
And Scottish accents tremble
To break upon his lip.

Ah! memory flies—a sunbeam—where gleaming waters
glide,
And “gowden lights” are dancing on bonny Elwanside.

II.

Again beyond the sunset
That gilds each Scottish height
An exile waits in darkness
And pain, the coming night;
From scenes of sense fast turning,
His eyes but dimly see
The distant hills of childhood,
The kirk, the glen, the tree!

Ah! spirit wild and wilful that crossed the ocean tide,
Two aged hearts shall weep thee on bonny Elwanside!

BURNS IN AMERICA

BURNS IN AMERICA.

I.

O PEASANT bard of princely fame
Whom Scottish hearts enshrine,
Whose songs a priceless heritage
With cords of love entwine!
Not by the Doon and Nith alone,
The storied fields of Ayr,
Thy witchery of power enthral,
And prompts to do and dare;
Fair Florida thy worth doth know;
The mighty woods of Maine
Have caught amid primeval gloom
The glory of thy strain:
In silent watches of the night,
At stirring noon of day,
The peerless Hudson oft hath heard
Sweet Afton's magic lay!

II.

From east to west no distance keeps;
On Texan plains afar
Thy light of song, O loving heart,
Has pierced—a guiding star!

BURNS IN AMERICA

Beneath the Rockies weird and white
The herder knows thy cheer;
Touch'd by thy spell the hunter dreams,
And drops a tribute tear;
For lo! the weary years have fled,
The heathy hills of home
A moment flash in Fancy's beam,
Across the Atlantic's foam;
And hushed to hear, the solemn Night
Unbends in starry sheen,
While prairie winds seem fluting low
The charms of Bonnie Jean!

III.

Where erst the lilied flag of France
Did guard Saint Lawrence tide,
Where Ottawa's dark stream doth flow,
Ontario's waters glide,
The melting sweetness of thy line
The lover's joy endears,
Thy deeper note to Age doth bring
The precious balm of tears;
In camp and clearing, wheresoe'er
The toiler's lot is cast,
Thy clarion-call to honest worth
A benison has pass'd—

* * * * *

O miracle of manhood high!
O pillar'd Hope that turns
Men's longing gaze!—The New World crowns
The ploughman—Robert Burns!

AN OLD SETTLER'S LAMENT

AN OLD SETTLER'S LAMENT.

(The late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod somewhere relates, in reference to his visit to Canada, an interview with an aged Scottish settler there, who, while freely admitting improved material conditions, complained that there were "nae lave-rocks in the lift, and nae linties in the wuds" in the new country.)

Oh! east an' west, it's a winsome land,
The land where the maple grows,
Wi' rowth o' cheer for a' man's need
Where the grand Saint Lawrence flows;
But I dinna see, an' I miss fu' sair,
The glint o' the simmer morn,
When the laverock lilts an' the lintie sings
In the glen where I was born.

Oh! hearts are leal in this blithe young land,
An' frien'ships kind an' warm;
There's mony a sicht to airt the e'e
Where mountain an' woodland charm;
But the wee hill burn, it isna here,
An' the fitroad, auld an' worn,
Where I wander'd aft on simmer e'en
In the glen where I was born.

AN OLD SETTLER'S LAMENT

Bien hames are here in this braid, braw land,
Wi' its boundless, smiling sward;
There's gear to win, an' siller to hae,
Gin the warstle o' life be hard;
But the joys o' youth, they comena back,
In the glitter o' gowd or corn,
Wi' the lichtsome lauch that aince was mine,
In the glen where I was born.

Oh! lads wha pairt frae yer ain dear land,
Tak' tent o' the price ye pay,
O' the something tint, an' the yirning pain
Ye'll ken till yer deein' day;
I'd niffer a hantle o' bricht things here
For the licht o' that gowden morn,
Wi' the laverock's lilt an' the lintie's sang,
In the glen where I was born.

"YE NEEDNA FEAR FOR SCOTLAND"

"YE NEEDNA FEAR FOR SCOTLAND."

(On hearing the children's choir of the Montreal Caledonian Society singing a selection of Scottish songs, one of which was "Ye Needna Fear for Scotland.")

"YE needna fear for Scotland!"
Rang the voices lood an' clear,
An' nae lav'rock's notes were sweeter
To a listenin' Scottish ear,
For the inmaist thocht gaed hameward
Like a swallow on the wing—
Oh! ye needna fear for Scotland
Gin ye hear the bairnies sing!

Yer heart may aften hanker
For the hills sae faur awa',
Ye may weary for the heather,
Whaur the muirlan' breezes blaw;
An' the youthfu' years may haunt ye
Like a langsyne glint o' spring,
But ye winna fear for Scotland
Gin ye hear the bairnies sing!

Ye winna fear for Scotland,
Wi' the bluid sae leal an' true,
For there's nocht in' a' the warld,
An' there's naething 'neath the blue,
Can pairt the dear auld mither
Frae a luvie time canna ding—
Oh! ye winna fear for Scotland
Gin ye hear the bairnies sing!

RALLY ROUND THE BRITISH BANNER

RALLY ROUND THE BRITISH BANNER!*

A Colonial Song of Empire.

RALLY round the British banner!
Hark! from many a distant strand,
Breaking o'er Canadian rivers,
Far from Austral's sunny land;
From the bearded lips of miners,
And from herdsmen wild and free,
Comes a shout of ready valour,
And a cry of loyalty.

CHORUS.

Rally round the British banner to the breezes proudly
flung,
For the land that bred our fathers, and the home our
mothers sung,
For the woods and wolds of England, and for Scottish
hill and glen,
Rally round the British banner—rally still and still
again!

From the homestead in the wildwood
Breaks the strain of "Scots wha hae,"
"Hearts of oak" the skies re-echo,
From the boats in Sydney Bay;

*Originally published in a costly illustrated patriotic calendar at Montreal. In this form, Lord Strathcona presented a copy of it to each of the Canadian volunteers who took part in the Boer war.

RALLY ROUND THE BRITISH BANNER

And the old men see in vision
Scenes of childhood lov'd so well,
Tread again the purple heather,
While their sons the chorus swell.

CHORUS:—Rally round the British banner, etc.

Lo! "the meteor flag" is flaunting,
And the music of the wind
Pipeth gallant hearts to follow,
Where a thousand mem'ries bind;
Tempest fierce and storm defying,
Britain's need is Britain's gain;
List the lusty voices ringing,
As they raise the proud refrain.

CHORUS.

Rally round the British banner to the front of battle
flung,
For the land that bred our fathers, and the home our
mothers sung,
For the woods and wolds of England, and for Scottish
hill and glen,
For the Shamrock of old Erin—rally still and still
again!

TO JAS. W. HANNAH

TO JAS. W. HANNAH.

(January 25th, 1911.)

STILL upward wends the devious way;
The lights of heaven are set afar;
Man falters, but unfaltering shines
Humanity's unswerving star—
Divinely heralded of old—
The full-orbed brotherhood to be!
Song-sweetened by the Bard of Ayr,
And hailed by Him of Galilee.

CANADA FAIR

CANADA FAIR.*

(A Canadian National Hymn.)

I.

CANADA fair, in the hour of thy being
Bright shone the day-star of hope from on high;
Cradled and blest by the Father All-seeing,
Nurtured wert thou by the earth and the sky;
Not the war-weapon as sceptre thou bearest,
Pent to thy task of the northland to tame,
Love-lit and proud of the names that thou wearest,
Montcalm and Wolfe on the crest of thy fame.

CHORUS.

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-kings and lords of romance,
Triumphs of peace be thine heritage ever,
Free on the pathway of light to advance,
Canada Fair.

II.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the future that's calling,
Fondly afar in the dim ways of Time:
"Fear not tho' nations around thee are falling,
Dare and endure in thy fresh-flowing prime;

*One of the prize songs in the national song competition of the *Montreal Witness*, 1899.

CANADA FAIR

Strong in the hostage of old that thou gavest,
Courage sublime for thy millions to be,
Laurel'd and loved by the hearts of the bravest,
Crowned by the strength and the will to be free."

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-kings and lords of romance,
Triumphs of peace be thine heritage ever,
Free on the pathway of light to advance,
Canada Fair.

III.

"Trust not the false gleam of hate-breathing passion,
Fire-flashing glory of sword and of shield;
Guided by wisdom to plan and to fashion,
Destined by genius to make and to wield,
Thine be the wealth of thy plains glowing golden,
Sunlit and waving from ocean to sea,
Trophies of thought, and high deeds that embolden—
Dower of the years and the ages for thee."

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-kings and lords of romance,
Triumphs of peace be thine heritage ever,
Free on the pathway of light to advance,
Canada Fair.

A LAURENTIAN LAKE

A LAURENTIAN LAKE.

THERE'S a lake among the mountains,
Sunder'd far by flood and fell,
And the glory of its waters
O'er my spirit cast a spell;
Deep amid the blue Laurentians
Still I see them flash and glow—
*Where the wild geese call at midnight,
And the red deer go!*

When a mist enwraps the maples,
And the leaves are brown and sere,
And the wailing wraith of summer
Haunts the wan and dying year,
Like a jewel in the hollow
I can see them gleaming low—
*Where the wild geese call at midnight,
And the red deer go!*

Ghostly white the spectral birches
Loom along the northern sky;
Sad and strange the solemn pine trees
Rear their sombre beauty high!
Nature there no brighter vision,
Placid lake, than thine could show—
*Where the wild geese call at midnight,
And the red deer go!*

OLD QUEBEC

OLD QUEBEC.

THE flippant tongue that flouts thee speaketh wrong,
Mediaeval watcher of the distant main!
Where paced of old—indomitable, strong—
Jacques Cartier, Levis, Frontenac, Champlain,
Thou sittest sole and silent, and thy past
Toucheth the present with benignant calm;
Nor thus ignoble is thy mission cast
To soothe life's turmoil with unfailing balm!

For not the clanging mart with strident cries
A higher destiny achieves than this—
*To place upon the age's fever'd eyes
The cloister'd hand of meditative bliss:*
Ah! who would pray that progress e'er should wreck
The haunting charm and spell of old Quebec!



"Mediaeval watcher of the distant main."

(See page 90.)

RAISE THE SONG FOR CANADA

RAISE THE SONG FOR CANADA.

(*Canadian Chanson.*)

OH! fairer land than Canada
Is not beneath the sun!
Oh! passing fair is Canada
Where mighty rivers run!
The fleur-de-lys and shamrock,
The thistle and the rose,
Are emblems brave—for Canada
A star the maple glows!

Far—fair—and free in Canada,
The homes of plenty shine;
And evermore in Canada
May strength with peace combine!
The fleur-de-lys and shamrock,
The thistle and the rose,
Are emblems brave—for Canada
A star the maple glows!

RAISE THE SONG FOR CANADA

Oh! braver deeds than Canada
Nor East nor West hath known,
And broad and deep in Canada
Heroic seed is sown!
The fleur-de-lys and shamrock,
The thistle and the rose,
Are emblems brave—for Canada
A star the maple glows!

Then raise the song for Canada,
Ye races blent as one!
And pledge to dare for Canada
The best that man hath done!
The fleur-de-lys and shamrock,
The thistle and the rose,
Are emblems brave—for Canada
A star the maple glows!

THE MAPLE TREE

THE MAPLE TREE.

(A Canadian School Song.)

I.

OH! staunch is the maple, right royal
It rears its proud limbs to the blast,
Defiant of winter's wild surges,
In the deeps of our soil rooted fast;
And lo! out of strength cometh sweetness
In the veins of its breast flowing free,
And the struggle is won—life's completeness.
All hail! to the brave maple tree!

Salute we the rose and the shamrock,
The thistle and sweet fleur-de-lys,*
But above each we hold in our heart's inmost fold
The leaf of the brave maple tree.

II.

When summer unfolds in its beauty,
Oh! queen-like the maple is seen;
It girdeth the homes of our people,
Heroic and regal in mien:

*Pronounce *fleur-de-lys*.

THE MAPLE TREE

A pillar of hope to embolden,
The star of high daring to be,
In leafage of red, green or golden,
All hail! to the fair maple tree!

Salute we the rose and the shamrock,
The thistle and sweet fleur-de-lys,
But above each we hold in our heart's inmost fold
The leaf of the fair maple tree.

CANADIANS ALL FOREVER

CANADIANS ALL FOREVER.

(A National Chorus.)

I.

CANADIANS all, from east to west,
With loyal zeal upholding
The banner'd glory of our crest,
The future's greatness moulding!
At danger's call,
Whate'er befall,
Stout hearts shall fail us never,
While hand in hand
We firmly stand,
Canadians all forever!

II.

For gifts that keep a nation strong
And deeds of knightly daring
We raise the voice of Freedom's song,
Our kinships proudly wearing!
And near and far,
In toil or war,
Fell fate shall fright us never
While, staunch and true,
We dare and do,
Canadians all forever!

CHURCH-GOING

CHURCH-GOING.

(In Spring).

To church I walk by woodland ways,
And hear divinest teaching,
Where Nature leads the psalm of praise,
And God himself is preaching!

The call of bush and bird and flower
In triune hope is blending;
And lo! within earth's holy hour
New life from death ascending!

GOLDWIN SMITH

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(June 7th, 1910.)

**Like Wordsworth and like Milton, strong and clear
In reasoned faith, the gleam his footsteps led;
Now fittingly he taketh—pure, austere—
His place assured with England's classic dead.**

GOD IS THE POET PARAMOUNT

GOD IS THE POET PARAMOUNT.

God is the poet paramount who writes
His thoughts in worlds across the azure blue;
In grand and glorious measures He indites
The seasons; and man's heart in *me* and *you*.

THE GREAT MISGIVING

THE GREAT MISGIVING.

I stood to-day beside an open grave,
And lo! as 'twixt the breathings of my breath,
The phantom Nothingness uprose, and gave
One awful look from out the eyes of Death.

A MOOD OF SONG

A MOOD OF SONG.

Long, long ago—ah, me, how very long!—
A youthful poet died within my breast;
And oft at morn or eve—poor ghost of song—
He yet doth haunt me in a strange unrest.

THE MEETING OF THE CENTURIES

THE MEETING OF THE CENTURIES.

(1900—1901.)

Lo! the dim Midnight, clothed in ghostly fear,
Doth watch the coming of the spectral feet!
A priestess crowned with stars, and rapt to hear
The hush of awe wherein the centuries meet.

TO A CANADIAN ROBIN

TO A CANADIAN ROBIN.

THIS eve of spring is magical ; and *there*,
Beneath the greening boughs at daylight's wane,
"Earth hath not anything to show more fair"
Than thou, sweet warbler, singing in the rain.

THE RED LEAF

THE RED LEAF.

The red leaf falls in the forest,
And the winds that come and go
Are freighted with ghostly wailings,
Deep-welling, and weird, and low.

The red leaf falls in the forest,
And dim in the spectral light
The grey, dank fields stretch vacant,
Dusk-dipp'd by the coming night.

The red leaf falls in the forest,
And the hours that my heart doth know
Are wan from the wither'd passions
In the years of the long ago!

